

P. 12-14

I love you. You are my queen. • I do not want to be your queen. I want to go back to my mother's house. • You are going to like it here. • There are ghosts fluctuating all around. • Come here. • No. • You have to stop to eat. • I'm not hungry.

P. 18

All the women are dead in this family. Most of them are buried and (the ones still breathing) are also gone.

P. 22

It was always a dream inside another: those who arrive have already debouched. • I woke up writing to Maria Antonia: even the ones who do not exist yet/still habit us; hopefully they will have your eyes in shorter legs. • Then I appeared in a vast field where vultures were socializing with pigeons, but no one awaited for me.

P. 26-27

A numb woman, strategically kneeled on the sand, right where the waves come to die. • Even though she had her back to the sea, she could feel the arrival of a grandmother of a grandmother. • (they are always made of steel) • Those who arrive are soon seduced again by the water. • After that I scratch myself to a point where everything turned into a mini psychedelic episode: is it weird to feel comfort where before there was only less?

P. 28-29

The present, apart from being ancient, is always divided into two parts • and I never know which one to keep • or in which one I rather believe.

P. 30-31

Spend whatever amount of days here and always be taken by • afterwards • by the sudden depression of never being close enough again. • The hidden god strips calmly the last wills and dehydrates me. • There are no days without thirst.

P. 35

There was the time when She saved the baby from drowning in the pool and the other when She stopped the girl from falling into the tracks of the metro. She prepared meal after meal, almost always with stuff in her lap. As a priest would minister a church, she made pizza from scratch. She was an angel, a chef and master of everything; and even though She had taught, She would be the one to always finish what others didn't have the courage to. More of an artist than a grandma, more of a friend than a mother and more of a mother than a daughter. She could build a house as one that seats for a coffee in the afternoon. After She sighed every morning, an endless "ai ai" would follow, just as a reminder that there will be an end.

P. 36-37

Wondering about the way you would do • everything that I make and you don't see.

P. 38-39

You would say that I should never sprinkle the salt so high • so the stove could remain clean.

P. 40

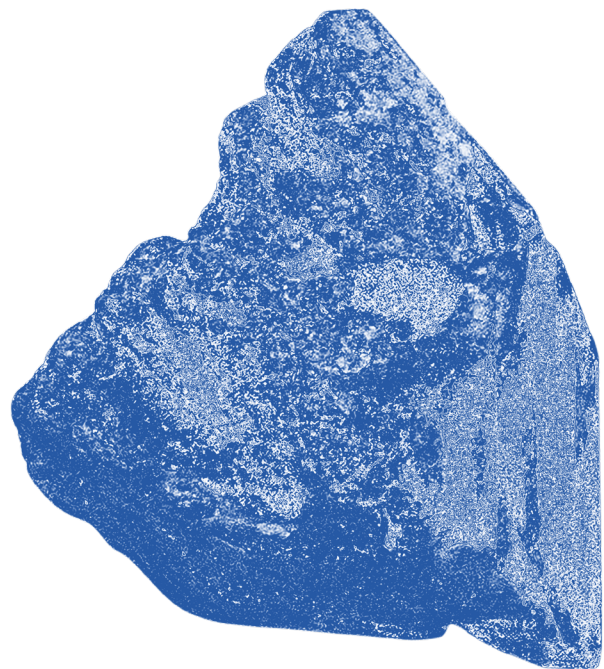
It was when the body temperature rose that you used to vent alone the fever from the darkest corners of my bedroom. • There is still you in everything we have here. • From the blisters in the lips to the eyes that love to blink in the same time of the cameras.

P. 43

Death died naturally, presented with fairness. • Later, only absences and endless rebirths will pull me by the yelling in the night. • The entire world is free of disease. • All my fertility comes from the bottom to the top and ends in an attempt for silence, the kind that only tight shades allows.

P. 44

Another day coincidences opposite to hers.



P. 47

There is a common rhythm between two surfaces of reality. • They are coherent and possessive with their creations and, later, transmute everything to their objects. • They emanate what was forgotten in the drawers and soon try to preside their days with a poorly rehearsed naturalness. • (I do not know if I write to you or the half human part that you used to hide).

P. 48-49

The dumb idea that even charred by the sun you can still be yellow • Your ear - trained to cry and Roberto Carlos - only stopped growing for you to leave.

For the ancestors of the future and all  
the unknown parents of the mythology of now.

Mariana Paku

Three Little Screams  
or a glossary of how  
I arrived here.

Three Little Jumps

TRANSLATION OF THE WRITINGS



writings, translations  
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and graphic project:

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